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A SYMPOSIUM IN ELYSIUM.

Scene, a Garden in the Elysian Fields. Haydn and Mozart discovered seated at a table within a flower-decked alcove. Glasses of nectar are before them. Time, the present.

MOZART. If all be true that Raff tells of the state of things down yonder, our repute, dear Master, is fast becoming antiquarian, and our artistic immortality nothing but a rhetorical figure.

HAYDN. As regards myself, I have long felt that, Wolfgang. They have called a school after my perruque, and the enlightened smile when they hear my name, which is to them representative of either childishness or senility. Even you are sometimes styled "Infantine."

MOZART. Nevertheless, we shall always receive the homage of a sentiment.

HAYDN. Like ruined castles. I, for one, do not value the consideration that arises from decay. It is a fungus.

MOZART. Is there any hope of better?

HAYDN. For you, great Genius, much; for me, in the measure of my poor worth as an artist.

MOZART. How so, dear Master? Shall we go down to earth and inspire a legion of writers to assert our cause, and show the present generation that music, whatever it may be with them, must remain, in essence, what it was with us, or is music no longer.

HAYDN. Well put, Wolfgang, but pray don't talk of writers. They are doing infinite mischief to our art, which deteriorates, as a rule, in proportion to their activity. They place it in the mill of what they call their reason, or, Heaven preserve us! their philosophy, and a pretty thing comes out when the machinery works. There were very few musical scribblers in our day, and we knew them as asses. Like asses, they have propagated their kind.

MOZART. Speak lower, dear Haydn. Schumann is brooding all alone in the next alcove, and may hear you. We don't want another "March of the Davidsbündler against the Philistines."

HAYDN. True; but here he comes. Florestan—Eusebius—Raro—a three-fold personage like the guardian of a place we do not mention here.

[Schumann enters, nods to the Masters and seats himself.]

SCHUMANN. Sound does not always convey sense, but it is never destitute of meaning.

HAYDN. I see the application of that remark but not its propriety. I question the universal truth of the second clause. Test it by a good deal of modern music.

MOZART (smiling). Some of your own compositions for example, dear SCHUMANN.

SCHUMANN. That is a diversion. I could not but overhear Father Haydn's opinion of those who seek through the all-potent agency of the written word to open a channel by which the uninitiated can penetrate to the holy place where art is pure spirit.

HAYDN. "Without form and void."

SCHUMANN. Scriptural quotations are more easily flippant than any other. In my journal I sought to open the mysteries of genius to the common eye, and Schubert and Mendelssohn, Chopin and Bennett, will tell you that I did not labour in vain. Scribbling, as you call it, may be abused; it may also be used.

HAYDN. But scribbling Schumanns are rare. For one like yourself, O most worthy artist! there are a hundred who darken counsel by words without knowledge: whose ignorance perverts the truth, or whose false conceptions of a matter they cannot penetrate serve to mislead their dupes.

MOZART. I am scarcely entitled to ask why musicians do not themselves act as expounders and recorders of their art, because the idea never occurred to me in my former life. Yet, who so fit to preach as the ministers of the altar? I am told your paper did not pay, Schumann; nevertheless, all who had ears for the finer notes of musical criticism listened to your words, even when they contained a good deal that was new and strange.

HAYDN. Ah! if we could have preached as well as ministered, and aroused, through the reason, that true perception of art which has always seemed to me a special sense, the world might not have been so easily led astray by charlatans. I imagine, if Beethoven had condescended to teach those deep things into which his spirit entered—

[Beethoven suddenly appears at the entrance of the alcove.]

BEETHOVEN. He was not such a fool. What could I have taught? and who could have learned? Even Schumann, here, once said to a gaping and curious world—"Pick out our fifths, but let us alone." The composer speaks only through his art, and then with no active consciousness of an audience. *He must speak*—that is the extent of his necessity and the limit of his obligation. What has he to do with exposition and argument? His work explains itself to all who are fit to receive it.

SCHUMANN. Master, how as to those who are not fit?

BEETHOVEN. Let them alone. They have plenty of provender that suits them. Besides, the man is an ass who seeks to make plain in words that which is obscure in music. As well try to see through a fog with smoked glass.

SCHUMANN. There you are right. At the best I could only move my literary pen round and round



the core of a musical theme, but that, at least, indicated where the core was and attracted men's eyes.

MOZART. Is it for merely sign-post work musical scribblers increase and multiply; start new journals, and crowd the book market?

BEETHOVEN. No; the fellows must make a living, though they might do it in a better way; some of them are ambitious, and a few think, like the fly on the coach wheel, that they are helping art along.

SCHUMANN. Master, you are severe.

HAYDN. And truthful, yet not to the full extent of truth. I need not tell you who have passed with me to this serene and all-knowing life that our successors write a good deal of music that has no meaning in itself and needs to get it from a commentator; and that there are some critics who determine what music shall be from extraneous premises instead of urging its development from within outwards. In this they carry with them a host of people who cannot distinguish a mere adjunct from an essential, and who, comprehending the first easily, are flattered by a notion that they have grasped the second. Depend upon it, illustrious Master, the musical *litterateur* is a power and must be reckoned with, especially as, paradoxical though it may sound, his strength is in direct proportion to his weakness.

BEETHOVEN. He may be as paradoxical as you like, if he would only let me alone. The fellow tries to expound me, and credits me with all sorts of ideas, which never were, and never could be mine. He worries me as far as I can be worried now, and has succeeded to the position of my old housekeeper.

SCHUMANN. Did I not ridicule him on earth for so doing. I remember saying, "I must laugh when I think of the dry old registrar, who discovered in this (your Seventh Symphony, Master), a battle of the giants, with a very effective annihilation of them all in the last movement, . . . and I must laugh at those who eternally preach about the innocence and absolute beauty of music. . . . But I shiver to the finger-tips when I hear some people declaring that Beethoven gave himself up while writing his symphonies, to the greatest sentiments—lofty thoughts of God, immortality, and the course of the spheres; the genial man certainly pointed to heaven, with his flowery crown, but his roots spread broadly over his beloved earth."

BEETHOVEN. Did you write that, Schumann? For some of it I thank you, not for the nonsense about pointing to Heaven and the flowery crown. I was neither a sign-post nor a ballet dancer. All the same, I wish I could send you back to our Germany, to stop the mischief at its source.

HAYDN. Does that mean shut the mouths of Wagner and his apostles?

SCHUMANN. Place Wagner by himself. I never knew a man with a clearer or a shrewder head. He has studied his countrymen, and sins only to the extent of the requirements of one who, like Milton's Satan, would rather "reign in hell than serve in heaven."

HAYDN. Yet he assumes to make your final development his point of departure, Beethoven.

BEETHOVEN. That concerns him alone; but I do object to the stuff he has written about me. It is a thousand times worse than your amiable rhapsody, Schumann.

SCHUMANN. My memory is charged with it. Shall I repeat a few passages?

BEETHOVEN (*appealingly*). In the name of our common blessedness—our freedom from critics, domestic troubles and ungrateful relatives—do nothing of the kind.

HAYDN (*laughing*). Yes, yes. Go on, Schumann, go on.

SCHUMANN. To please you, Master. How does this suit? "In Haydn's instrumental music it is as though we saw the fettered daemon of music playing before us with the childishness of one born an old man."

HAYDN. That's travelling out of the record into meaningless verbiage.

MOZART. Ha! ha! But what is sauce for the goose, you know, Master—

SCHUMANN. Is sauce for the gander; then here is a bit for you, Mozart: "He finds musical servitude with a princely master unbearable, he gives Concerts and 'academies' with an eye to the general public, and his fugitive earnings are sacrificed to the petty enjoyments of life."

MOZART. Hm—slightly personal, but, alack! more than a little true. Now give Beethoven a turn.

SCHUMANN. Oh! Beethoven is a Saint—with a capital S—continually falling "from the paradise of his inner harmony into a hell of fearfully discordant existence."

BEETHOVEN. His remarks about me personally signify nothing.

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BEETHOVEN. Really, really! I didn't know it.

HAYDN. And the Allegro, six-eight?

SCHUMANN. A perception of "comforting phenomena."

BEETHOVEN (*mutters*). Rubbish!

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SCHUMANN. In the Presto he "casts an inexplicably serene glance upon the outer world." In the Adagio he "dives into the deep dream of his soul," and the Finale is "the World's own dance; wild delight, cries of anguish, love's ecstasy, highest rapture, misery, rage; voluptuous now and sorrowful; lightnings quiver, storms roll, and high above the gigantic musician; banning and compelling all things, proudly and firmly wielding them from whirl to whirlpool, and to the abyss."

(HAYDN, MOZART and SCHUMANN laugh loudly.)

BEETHOVEN (*with impetuosity*). This is the nonsense that degrades music, and up to this musicians write. Let me pass, I want fresher air.

(*He goes out, and walks hurriedly away.*)

SCHUMANN. Is not that Mendelssohn yonder, just parting from Sterndale Bennett? It is. Ho! Felix! Felix Meritis! Come hither, thou of the shining face and radiant soul.

MENDELSSOHN (*approaching the alcove*). Is that a quotation from the *Zeitschrift*? What have you been doing to the Chief? He scarcely noticed me in passing.

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MENDELSSOHN. *Tantane animis*—how does it run, Robert?

SCHUMANN. *Cælestibus iræ?* But what wonder? I am not the man to cry down musical critics and commentators. They have a noble and indispensable vocation, which is to judge all developments by the immutable standards of the art, and to guard those standards from any who would tamper with them, or darken the light in which they are clearly seen. Let them do this and they will deserve, if they do not obtain, the gratitude of the ages whose rightful inheritance is thus secured. At present many of them are sacrificing art by wrapping round it all manner of extraneous things.

MOZART (*impatiently*). Don't talk of art at a time when form imposes no restraint, when simplicity is ridiculed; when beauty is yawned over, and when the pure spirit of music is dragged down to the muddy level of composers who, from calculation, or because they can do nothing else, present the eccentric or the ridiculous, and, encompassing it with cloudy verbiage, pass it off as the Sublime.

MENDELSSOHN. There may be cause for eloquence, dear Master, but there is none for alarm. Art will take care of itself in the long run, since nothing can change its eternal principles, or permanently arrest the action of its vitality. What you speak of is only a cloud before the face of the sun. 'Twill pass.

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MENDELSSOHN. Meanwhile, Robert, it would be well if you were on the earth to vivify by your pen the traditions of true art. Failing you, let us hope that ministers may yet be found to keep the sacred lamp alight, to remind the world that music is really an art, and neither the product of hysteria, the subject of tobacco-smoke philosophy, nor a means wherewith to stimulate jaded sensualism. For such labourers, there is room and to spare.

HAYDN. So say we all. (*Rising.*) I am going to call on Sebastian Bach.

MOZART. Let us go with you.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

JOSEPH BENNETT.

REMINISCENCES OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS ABROAD.

I.—VIENNA.

WHEN, some eighteen years ago, I first made the acquaintance of Vienna—an acquaintance that rapidly ripened, on my part at least, into warm and lasting friendship—the Kaiserstadt was, as it still is, unquestionably the most musical of Continental capitals. It possessed the best operatic and symphonic orchestras, Conservatorie, choral union and established stringed quartette in Europe. One of its regimental bands—that of the Koenig von Württemberg Regiment—had attained such extraordinary proficiency with strings, as well as with brass and wood, that its performances alternated with those of the inimitable Johann Strauss at the Volksgarten on terms of all but absolute equality, as far as popular favour was concerned. Then it was that the Vienna Musical-Union (Musik-Verein), with its mighty orchestra of two hundred and fifty first-class instrumentalists, had just attained its maximum of effectiveness under Hans Richter's gifted predecessor, Johann von Herbeck. Until it became my privilege to attend the Concerts of the Musik-Verein, I had never even dreamed of such an executant corporation or conceived such performances to be possible. All the leading artists—all the recognized "soloists" of Vienna served in its ranks. Joseph Hellmesberger led the first, Hofmann the second violins; Dobyschal, the tenors; Roever, the violoncellos. Men of this calibre did not disdain to drudge through unknown numbers of rehearsals, even at the sacrifice of lucrative private teaching, in order to enable their less celebrated fellow-artists to achieve a perfect comprehension of the composer's meaning as interpreted by the conductor.

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deeply-moved maestro said to him, he ejaculated "What players! What a leader! What musical and poetical intelligence! What noble self-effacement! How do you manage it, then, to animate two hundred bodies with one soul, and that soul, *illustre maître-de-chapelle*, not yours, but *mine!*"

Vienna, when the greatest of French composers visited it, was physically in a state of transition, and the accommodation provided for its musical public left much to be desired in the way of space, comfort and even cleanliness. The magnificent new Opera House was not built—indeed, its foundations were just about being laid—and the pestiferous old Kaernthner-Thor Theatre was still the only home of the lyric drama within the precincts of the Kaiserstadt. It was an ugly, dirty, ill-ventilated den, stiflingly hot and provided by an ingenious Court-architect with the most distractingly intricate system of entrances and exits at that time in existence. To get into the house at your leisure was difficult; to issue from it in a hurry, impossible. As in the case of its neighbour, the Burg, the space between the outer shell and auditorium of the Kaernthner-Thor was honeycombed by winding passages, crooked corridors and tortuous staircases. None of these ever seemed to lead to any part of the building whither one wished to go; least of all to the street. The atmosphere inside the house was permanently sickly. It mattered not at what time of the day or night one visited the theatre—during a morning rehearsal, with its dim religious light, or a gala performance, making a heavy call upon the gas resources of the establishment—the old, musty, mephitic smell was there, conveying to at least one of the senses the impression that the quantum of interior air originally allotted to the Kaernthner-Thor Theatre by its architect had been carefully poisoned early in the century and never changed since. As a matter of fact, the orchestra was situated exactly above a peculiarly baneful drain, one consequence of which thoughtful arrangement was that, after a heavy rainfall—or, indeed, any sudden freak of the weather—the two front rows of the stalls were simply untenable by any person provided with a nose of average receptivity and susceptibility. On such occasions the mind's eye, informed by a lively imagination, could see billions of typhoid germs hovering round the members of the "Imperial Royal Court-Opera-Orchestra" as they sat playing in the long boarded well through every crack and fissure of which sewer-gas was assiduously working its upward way.

Little less objectionable from a sanitary point of view, and still more ignominious, ugly and inconvenient than the Kaernthner-Thor was the old Viennese Conservatoire in the Tuchlauben. Considered in connection with musical education and training—not to mention classical Concerts and chamber performances of the highest character—that remarkable building could only be justly described as a paragon of unfitness. Two flights of a corkscrew staircase, barely five feet in width, led from a dirty stone vestibule on the ground-floor to a squalid, frowzy concert-room of a dull nondescript

colour, badly lighted, malodorous and forlorn of ventilation—the sort of room that fourth-rate provincial mechanics' institutes are wont to place at the disposal of lecturers who combine amusement with instruction, as in the case of the orrery. There was a hideous dark gallery running round three sides of this grisly apartment, close up against the ceiling and chiefly affected to the Conservatoire pupils, who would stew there, slowly and uncomplainingly, on "public nights," with a heroic endurance that I have admired and wondered at scores of times. Not that the lot of the audience in the body of the room, or on the platform itself was strikingly preferable to that of the perspiring *alumni* aloft, for the heat was nearly as intense below as above, and the seats—small cane-bottomed chairs, mechanically fixed in rows like beads upon a string—were adjusted so close to one another as to be far more suitable for the accommodation of cherubim than of human beings. In a word, all the arrangements of that very abominable old Conservatoire were triumphs of stupidity and discomfort.

And yet, some of the finest performances to which it has been my good fortune to listen in the course of musical experiences extending over well-nigh forty years, took place in the sordid and unsavoury den from which so many admirable artists have emerged, at different times during the present century, to reinforce the leading orchestras of Europe. It was in that subfusc chamber, with the thermometer steadfastly registering the Réamur equivalent of 115° Fahrenheit, that I first heard Anton Rubinstein play the Posthumous Sonata, and lent an enraptured ear to the strains of such Liedersaenger as Hélène Magnus and Gustav Walter. There I became acquainted, musically and personally, with Epstein and Brassin, Caroline Bettelheim and Augusta Kolar, Adolphe Brodsky and Dragomir Krancevich; with Josef Hellmesberger the elder, then as now the tutelary genius of the Conservatoire, and his gifted son, Pepi, who fiddled articulately before he could speak plainly, and filled the post of orchestral conductor in an opera house ere he had completed his twenty-third year. He was a lad, rising eleven, when he electrified the musical public of Vienna by playing, at one of his father's inimitable Concerts given at the Conservatoire before the most critical audience in Europe, the first violin part of Spohr's octett, and in such sort as to elicit a triple recall. Reading and execution were alike faultless. On another, scarcely less interesting occasion, a few weeks later, at a Carnavalesque *Liedertafel* of the Viennese Choral Society, I heard him lead Mozart's comic sextett (stringed quartett and two horns), with admirable humour, archness, and petulance. The composition is a charming musical jest from beginning to end, and like many another subtle and fanciful joke, is easily spoilt by dull interpreters. I do not hope to hear it ever rendered again as it was given on the 15th February, 1867, in the Diana Saal, by five of the most eminent soloists then living (including Kapellmeister Hellmesberger himself, who literally played "second fiddle" to his talented child), under the leading of handsome little Pepi, arrayed for the nonce in silken

smalls and stockings, knee buckles, bag-wig and powder, sword, *chapeau-bras*, and lace frills at breast and wrist. He was, indeed, a pretty sight; and the ladies who witnessed his performance at the Fasching Liedertafel were unanimous in declaring him "zum Fressen"—"a croquer"—in plain English, nice enough to be quite fit to eat.

It was this same Pepi Hellmesberger who occupied the position of *chef d'orchestre* at the Ring Theatre for some months before its destruction by fire. He was actually in the house, and on the point of taking his place at the conductor's desk, when the curtain, bellying out into the house like a half-furled wind-blown sail, discovered the stage to be ablaze, and let loose a torrent of roaring flame over the orchestra. Had the overture commenced when that awful incident took place, in all probability the instrumentalists and their youthful leader would have perished, or, at the very least, suffered severe injuries. Fortunately, they were still in the "musicians' foyer" under the stage, and thus enabled to effect their escape into the street through the principal stage-door without difficulty.

The last time I saw Pepi the younger was in the winter of 1876-7, shortly after the suppression of the Servian Rebellion. A few months previously, having entered upon his twentieth year, he became liable for military service, and received an official notification requiring him to present himself at the proper quarter for medical examination, as a preliminary to being drafted into an infantry regiment. To a violin-soloist, no announcement could well have been more terrible than this. Were such an one compelled to fulfil three years' service in the ranks, his fingers and wrists could not fail to lose, in delicacy of touch and flexibility, more than, in all probability, they would ever thereafter be able to regain by the most sedulous practice. The mere thought of such a calamity all but drove poor Pepi distracted, and inspired his father with courage to seek audience of the Emperor (to whose Court he had for many years been attached in a musical capacity), for the purpose of begging off Hellmesberger junior from a career so peculiarly unsuitable to him. The Emperor heard all that his faithful old servant had to say upon the subject, and then replied, "I regret, dear Hellmesberger, my inability to grant your request. My only son has to do his duty to his country as a soldier; so must yours. It seems a pity to interfere with the physical training of a great artist! but I cannot consent to draw invidious distinctions between one career and another. All I can do for your boy is to get him drafted into a regimental band instead of into the ranks. There he will have learn to play some instrument other than that of which he is already master; but this will not give him much trouble, and he will doubtless find time to keep up his practice of the violin. But he must wear the coat, submit to discipline, and pay his proper tribute of man-service to the national defences."

As may well be imagined, Francis-Joseph's kindly and considerate concession was gratefully accepted by the Hellmesbergers, father and son; and thus it came to pass that "handsome Pepi" was buttoned

up to the throat in a blue and grey uniform, with one white star on his collar, when he came to call upon me at the Hôtel Imperial soon after my arrival from Belgrade in the Kaiserstadt, just seven years ago. He had found his duties with his regiment, even under the modified conditions granted to him at the Emperor's instance, extremely irksome for a time, but seemed tolerably reconciled to them, and not a little proud of having earned a good-conduct badge. There was, of course, a humorous side to the ordeal through which he had to pass; viz., that he, indisputably the first Austrian violinist of his generation, should have had the fife assigned to him as his instrument in the band. On joining, he had been "sent up" to the bandmaster for interrogation as to his executant capabilities. "What can you do, young man?" inquired that potent personage, "I can play the violin, bratsch and 'cello, Herr Kapellmeister." "That is well—very well for a civilian; but quite useless to us, here in the regiment. Let me see. We are short of fifers. You will learn to play the fife!" And learn to play the fife Pepi did, with a rapidity that somewhat astonished his instructors.

Moreover, during his term of service he picked up a sufficient acquaintance with reeds, brasses, &c., to prove of infinite utility to him in his subsequent career. No sooner had he obtained his discharge—somewhat prematurely, through the intercession of an exalted personage—than he was appointed *chef d'orchestre* in a popular Viennese operetta theatre, brought out a comic opera of his own composition, married a wife and took up a brilliant position in the most select musical circle of the Kaiserstadt.

The latter days of the dirty old Conservatoire were also those of my residence in Vienna, where I contracted a close friendship with Hellmesberger the elder, at that time orchestral instructor at the Hochschule, leader of the Court band and *chef d'attaque* at the Opera House, besides filling a score or so of honorary offices in connection with the teaching and practice of the divine art. Quite the keenest and most enthusiastic musician I have ever known, Joseph Hellmersberger was almost extravagantly proud of his native city's achievements in the way of advancing and refining musical culture, and correspondingly eager that every intelligent foreigner visiting Vienna with a letter of introduction to himself should be enabled to appreciate, by personal observation, the actual working of the educational and training systems which had been fraught with such splendid results to the two great institutions—the Conservatorium and Musik-Verein—of which he and every other Austrian musician, whether virtuoso or dilettante, was so justly proud. It was at his particular request that I took to "dropping in" upon the afternoon orchestral "practices" of the Conservatoire pupils, which took place twice or thrice a week under his personal direction. No musician could fail to be deeply interested by these exercises, in which the foremost rank was assigned to sight-reading. As the

Conservatoire library is a very mine of old concerted works, piles of "parts" were never lacking whereby to test the students' capacities for playing "vom Blatte;" nor did the Council of Management fail to provide the orchestral department with good store of novelties. At every "practice" a fresh score was rendered, somehow or other—for the most part, with astounding *verve* and intelligence—and the pupils always appeared eager to tackle anything and everything, no matter how cranky or complicated, that their well-loved master might please to chasten them with. On one or two occasions, when I happened to be present at the "Uebungen," Hellmesberger's greedy *alumni* even "asked for more," like Oliver Twist, after perpetrating what I considered a surfeit of sight-reading.

One afternoon, during the early summer of 1868—a few days after the first production at Munich of the "Meistersaenger von Nuernberg"—I chanced to call in at the gloomy old practice-room in the Tuchlauben, just as the students were settling down at their desks, with faces, as it struck me upon glancing round the semi-circle, a thought graver than usual. Hellmesberger was already enthroned; but as soon as he caught sight of me he jumped up, evidently in a great state of excitement, grasped both my hands, and exclaimed—"How fortunate that thou shouldst have visited us to-day! Now I will show thee what these children can do. The full score of the 'Meistersaenger' has just reached us, and I am now going to take them a *prima vista* through the overture." So saying, he gave the accustomed three quick, smart raps, and a breathless silence succeeded the clamour of tuning and chatter that had hitherto prevailed. To a music-lover, the *coup d'œil* offered by the students was a deeply interesting one. About seventy of both sexes were present, ranging between the ages of twelve and twenty, and exhibiting every facial type and variety of complexion known in the many-peopled, polyglot empire. Almost all the girl-pupils wore their hair in long, thick plaits, by the hues of which their respective nationalities could be pretty accurately determined, from the Teutonic pale-flaxen and Slav hay-colour to the Magyar glossy brown and Roumanian blue-black. Oriental physiognomies abounded, a natural consequence of Vienna's geographical position upon the threshold of the East. Brighter faces than those of the dark-eyed, sallow-skinned Huns and Dacians—boys and girls alike—I have seldom seen, even in Sicily or Andalusia. The majority of the petticoated pupils was to be found in the ranks of the players upon strings; but the most promising of the French-hornists was a buxom Polish damsel of about fourteen, whose name I regret to have forgotten, whilst another handsome girl dispensed "linked sweetness, long drawn out" from the trombone, and two or three more, pink and white golden-locked Austrians Proper, had devoted themselves with conspicuous success to vanquishing the difficulties of the serpent, still a favourite instrument in country churches and small provincial bands throughout the Hapsburg realm.

To say that I was surprised at the general correctness, vigour and fire with which this heterogeneous gathering of lads and lasses interpreted one of the most laborious and intricate orchestral compositions in existence, is to describe very inadequately the sensations I experienced upon listening to the "Meistersaenger" Overture, played at sight by the students of the Vienna Conservatorium. That the rendering was somewhat coarse and rough, shaky as to time here and there, and lacking in light and shade throughout, I do not contest. But not a single breakdown occurred, nor was the orchestra pulled up once by its conductor; whose face was radiant with pride and pleasure when he laid down his bâton at the conclusion of the *Vorspiel*. All he said was "Kinder, es war gar nicht so schlecht!" (Children, it was really not so bad); upon which the "children" set up a cheering and clapping of hands that obviously afforded their gifted instructor the liveliest gratification.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

THE OPERATIC OUTLOOK.

OPERATIC prospects for the year 1883 are by no means brilliant. There is a gleam of sunshine in the six weeks' season of English opera announced by Mr. Carl Rosa at Drury Lane; during which two, if not three new works by native composers are to be brought out. If Mr. Rosa produces with success one original opera by an English composer, he will have deserved well of his supporters; and of the three which he is understood to have ready, it is little, indeed, to expect that one will make its mark. That the *Colombo* of Dr. Hueffer and Mr. Mackenzie, the *Esmeralda* of Mr. Marzials and Mr. Goring Thomas, and the *Savonarola* of Mr. Gilbert-a-Beckett and Mr. Villiers Stanford, will all be presented to the public during one brief season of six weeks is more than can be seriously anticipated. But the fact of Mr. Rosa's having engaged to produce them shows considerable enterprise, ard encourages, moreover, a belief that it may, after all, be possible to do what has never yet been done in England—establish, that is to say, as a permanent institution, a national opera house.

On the other hand, the one theatrical institution which has existed permanently in this country for the last century and a half, the Italian Opera, seems at the present moment in rather a bad way. There is something strange, and even startling in the fact, when we consider it for the first time, that while the ancient head-quarters of what used to be known as our "legitimate drama," have been devoted, turn by turn, to plays and entertainments of the most varied kinds, and while season after season has gone by without one theatre being opened for the representation of Shakesperian plays, no season has passed, since the early days of the last century, during which Italian Opera has not been performed in London, and for the most part on a very grand scale, and with the best artists that could possibly be procured. What is still more remarkable is, that for thirty-six

years, from 1846 until last season, we have every year in London had two Italian operas, each of the highest class. Last year, by way of variety, we had one Italian opera and two German ones; and though there is good reason for believing that none of these enterprises proved remunerative, and though it is certain that of the two Wagnerian speculations one ended with a deficit and the other with simple bankruptcy, it is a singular fact that all three were at starting backed up by heavy subscriptions from the music-loving public. It is in this form that English operatic managers receive those "subventions" which they are always clamouring for, and which, in the Continental form of grants from the State, they are never likely to obtain. Whether the English subscription is not as valuable as some of the highest of the Continental subventions is a question which cannot all at once be decided in the negative. The money furnished in advance to the frequently impecunious manager by the libraries, the music-shops and a number of private subscribers for boxes and stalls, amounts in many cases to a considerable sum; and to obtain it all that is necessary is to issue a prospectus drawn up with sufficient art to inspire a reasonable amount of confidence. Nor are there, as in the case of subventions, any stipulations on the part of those who furnish the funds; except, of course, the implied one that the manager will fulfil his promises. The grant of a subvention, on the other hand, is accompanied in all cases by certain requirements which are often of a very onerous kind. The manager has to bind himself to represent so many operas of a classical, perhaps even of an archaic kind, in the course of each season; and he is strictly limited as to his charges for admission. What would it profit a London impresario to be provided with a free theatre and to be subventioned, moreover, like the director of the Paris Opera House, at the rate of about £4,000 a month if, by the terms of the subvention, he were compelled to bring out works, which, however worthy of reputation, would not attract the general public and, worst of all, were obliged to bring down his prices to something like those levied at the opera houses of Paris, Brussels and Berlin? "Take back your subvention," our Gyes and our Maplesons would, after a very brief trial of the system, exclaim, "and leave us to the right of charging twenty-five shillings for our stalls!"

The managers of our Italian Opera Houses have, hitherto in fact, been the spoilt children of theatrical speculation; and one cannot say that they have of late years responded to the confidence placed in them by those classes whom (with a special eye to the third) they address as "the nobility, gentry, subscribers and the public." Their latest idea as combined between themselves, is to deprive the public of opera, except at one theatre, and during a very brief season. This brilliant notion will be realized through the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre against musical performances of all kinds; the closing of Drury Lane against musical performances of all kinds, except those of Mr. Carl Rosa—who, before

the monopoly was planned, had already arranged with Mr. Harris for a six weeks' season beginning at Easter; and the concentration at Covent Garden during the months of May, June and July, of such operatic talent as Messrs. Gye and Mapleson may happen to have at their disposal.

Italian Opera would seem, then, to be a little on the decline; or it may be that for the first time since many years it is now to stand on its own resources, and that those resources are not so great as people have hitherto supposed. The whole thing is very curious and, without full information as to the sums lost and gained at our Italian Opera Houses since the first introduction of Italian Opera into England, cannot be explained. Having the money of confiding shareholders to deal with, the directors of the "Royal Italian Opera Company (Limited)," must not be blamed for acting according to their lights, and preferring a short season to a long one. But by pushing their cautious policy a few steps further, they would arrive at the supreme wisdom of having no season at all.

If Italian Opera, as understood for many years past in England, is on the decline, that can only mean that opera generally is on the decline; for the repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera consists of works by the composers of all nations (except of course England), and especially of Italy, Germany and France. If the three great operatic composers of the present day, Verdi, Wagner and Gounod, will not compose, or if, composing, they produce nothing which could be brought out on our Anglo-Italian stage with any chance of success, that is not altogether the fault of our managers. But anything of Verdi's, anything of Gounod's would be preferable to such operatic novelties as Mr. Gye has favoured us with of late years; and the present condition of Italian or Italianised opera in England is due, in no small degree, to the want of intelligence shown by the directors of this by no means exhausted form of entertainment. Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora*, Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra*, Ambroise Thomas's *Francoise de Rimini* are not, perhaps, masterpieces. But each and all of them are better than *Paul et Virginie*, *Les Amants de Vérone*, and the numerous forgotten operas for Madame Patti with which of late years Mr. Gye has done so much injury to his famous establishment.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

MR. MAAS has been engaged by Mr. Gye to sing in Italian opera next season. After the experience of last year, no news could be more welcome.

THE Bijou Theatre in Boston was opened in the old-fashioned way, with the reading of a rhymed address. The following lines occurred:

"With such attractions ever at command,

We'll nightly greet you; give us then your hand."
(Pause.) The precaution was taken of having the applause started by the ushers, which was heartily responded to by the public. This cautious movement was taken, in order that the following lines might not be ridiculous:

"Thanks for this outburst! like to favouring gales
Which with no doubtful echo fills our sails."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 7th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

THE LUTE.
LONDON, MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1883.

SOME time ago it was announced by the Crystal Palace authorities that Mr. John Francis Barnett had undertaken to fill in the score of an unfinished symphony by Schubert. We are able to state that Mr. Barnett has completed the first two movements and is engaged upon the third, while as far as the delicate, and by no means thankful task, has yet gone, the discharge of it claims hearty praise. Much responsibility devolved upon Mr. Barnett, because, though there is no entirely vacant bar in the score, only the thread of a single part runs through most of it, and he had, therefore, to exercise a wide discretion. The completed movements show most careful study of the intentions revealed in the MS., and we shall be much surprised if Schubert's symphony, when performed at Sydenham, does not meet with acceptance as being homogeneous in an unexpected degree.

Iolanthe seems to have attained in New York only a partial success. This one may gather by striking the average between the opinions of two critics in the same paper, one being lavish in his praise of the new opera, the other stigmatizing it as "a bitter disappointment." A probable reason for this discrepancy is that the enraptured one occupied a warm, comfortable seat, while he of the bitter disappointment had to stand in a cold draught. Be this as it may, *Iolanthe* has not met with the cordial reception extended to its predecessors. Drawbacks to its success are the institutions and delusions which are as caviare to the American public. What does the average New Yorker know of the House of Lords? The Lord Chancellor is to him an unreal thing, and Seven Dials, Chancery Lane, Drury Lane and Belgrave Square are only meaningless names. One would imagine that the libretto had been written with no idea of its production in Transatlantic theatres. Curiosity, however, prevailed over all else, and the first week's receipts amounted to 10,000 dollars, a larger sum than "Patience" attracted during a like period. The first performance took place at the Standard Theatre on Saturday, November 25th, the day when the work was produced in London. The dresses were imported from England at a cost of 5,000 dols., and the scenery entailed as great an outlay, an expensive item being a 580 dol. waterfall.

Soprano.

Contralto
or Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Tenor.

“THE LOST CHORD.”

A Four-Part Song.

Words by

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Music by

ALFRED J. CALDICOTT,
MUS. BAC. CANTAB.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 39, GT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Soprano.

p

Seated one day at the Organ I was weary, and
Seated one day at the Organ I was weary, and
Seated one day at the Organ I was weary, and
Seated at the Organ wea . . . ry, and

Contralto or Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Accomp.
(D. Lib.)

ill at ease, And my fingers wan . . der'd, wan . . der'd id . . ly
ill at ease, And my fingers wan . . der'd, wan . . der'd id . . ly
ill at ease, And my fingers wan . . der'd, wan . . der'd id . . ly
ill at ease, And my finger wan . . der'd, wan . . der'd id . . ly

* This Accomp. is intended for rehearsal only. The Part-Song may also be sung a Semitone or Tone lower.

*dim.**eres:*

o-ver the noi...sy keys; I knew not what I was

o.....ver the noi...sy keys; I knew not what I was

o-ver the noi...sy keys; I knew not what I was

dim.

o.....ver the keys; I knew not what I was

play.....ing, Or what I was dream....ing then, But, I

play.....ing, Or what I was dream....ing then... But, I

play.....ing, Or what dream....ing then, But, I

play.....ing, Or what dream....ing then... But, I

struck one chord of mu.....sic Like the

struck one chord, one chord Like a

struck one chord of mu.....sic Like the

struck one chord of mu.....sic Like the

3

sound of a great A men. men
(Echo pp)

great A men. men
(Echo pp)

sound of a great A men. men
(Echo pp)

sound of a great A men. men
(Echo pp)

It flood ed the twi light . . .

It flood ed the crim son twi light Like the

mf Solo, Tenors.

It flood ed the twi light Like the

It flood ed the twi light

4

spi....rit With a touch of infinite calm, It.

spi....rit With a touch of infinite calm, It.

spi....rit With a touch of infinite calm, It.

spi....rit With a touch of infinite calm, It.

p quiet....ed pain and sor....row Like love o...ver.com...ing

p quiet....ed pain and sor....row Like love o...ver.com...ing

p quiet....ed sor....row Like love o...ver.com...ing

p quiet....ed sor....row Like love o...ver.com...ing

dim. strife, It seem'd the harmo....nious e....cho, (e....cho) From

strife... It seem'd the e....cho, (#e....cho) From

strife, It seem'd the har mo....nious e....cho, (e....cho) From

strife, It seem'd the harmo....nious e....cho, (e....cho) From

our dis...cord....ant life, It link'd all perplex.....ed
our dis...cord....ant life ... It link'd ...
our dis...cord....ant life It link'd all perplex.....ed.
our dis...cord....ant life It link'd

mean..... ings In to one... > per...fect peace And
all... in..... to one per...fect peace And
mean..... ings In...to per... > ffect peace And
all in..... to one per...fect peace . . . And

accel.

trem..... bled a...way in...to si... > lence.
trem..... bled a...way in...to si... > lence.
trem..... bled in...to... > si... > lence.
trem..... bled a...way in...to si... > lence.

pp

As if it were loth to cease,

I have

As if it were loth to cease

I have

As if it were loth to cease

I have

As if it were loth to cease

I have

As if it were loth to cease

I have

DR

chord

di-

sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord, di-

sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord, di-

sought vainly, That one lost chord, di-

sought vainly, That lost chord, di-

sought

vine Which came from the soul . . . of the

vine Which came from the soul . . . of the

vine Which came from the soul . . . of the

vine Which came from the soul . . . of the

dim.

p

Or....gan *dim.* And.. en.....ter'd in.....to

Or....gan *dim.* And en.....ter'd in.....to

Or....gan And en.....ter'd in.....to

Or....gan And en.....ter'd en.....ter'd in.....to

mine And en.....ter'd in.....to mine It

mine And en.....ter'd in.....to mine It

mine And en.....ter'd in.....to mine It

mine And en.....ter'd in.....to mine It

may be that Death's bright An.....gel will speak,

may be that Death's bright An.....gel will speak,

may be that Death's bright An.....gel will speak,

may be that Death's bright An.....gel will

eres: molto.

Speak in that chord a...gain, It may be, that on...ly in
 Speak in that chord a...gain, It may be, that on...ly in
 Speak in that chord a...gain, a...gain, It may be, that on...ly in
 Speak in that chord a...gain, It may be that on...ly in
 rit. > > > ff
 Heav'n I shall hear, shall hear retard. that grand A...
 Heav... en I shall hear that grand A...
 Heav... en I shall hear that grand A...
 Heav... en I shall hear that grand A...
 (Echo p) ppp
 ...men... 'men... 'en...
 (Echo p) ppp
 ...men... 'men... 'en...
 (Echo p) ppp
 ...men... 'men... 'en...
 men... 'men... 'en...

To the irrepressible cuteness of go-ahead Yankee-dom we owe much that is useful and a good deal that is only ingenious. In its last effort of journalistic energy it has fairly beaten out of sight the poor attempts of the old and halting mother-country. Our readers will surely know of a New York weekly review, edited by Mr. John C. Freund, called *Music and Drama*, and remarkable for its size and excellent news. Its defect is in the prevalence of the careless, jerky, "paragraph" aimings at smartness which seem to pass in America for serious criticism. As though this did not bring Mr. Freund enough hard work and responsibility he must needs produce what he announces with pardonable pride, as the first artistic daily in the world! To distinguish it from the weekly and at the same time to make evident the relationship, he calls it "Daily Music and Drama." It is an excellent newspaper, but criticism seems to be reserved for its more dignified and stately parent. Taking the first number, dated November 25th, 1882, as a fair example of the lines on which it is run, we find it contains special telegrams from the chief towns of the States, a column of the day's news, some tolerably well-written leaderettes, dramatic letters from London and Paris and the inevitable "Personal" without which no American paper would be complete. In deference to New York commercial and social instincts, it gives two or three columns of Wall Street and society gossip, filling up with a column or so of a serial story and short notices of operas, concerts and plays. From a "press" point of view, the experiment will probably be a success in huge and "booming" America.

It is impossible not to admire and applaud the chivalric action of Mr. Henry W. Carte, on behalf of the pianoforte sonata. Mr. Carte sees that highly developed, and, indeed, perfect artistic form preserved for all time in the masterpieces of classic composition, but no longer alive and active. Musicians do not write sonatas now. Publishers will not issue them, and the public decline to buy works which, so they reason, are neither as cheap nor as good as those of Mozart and Beethoven. Fantasias and rhapsodies, dance forms in infinite variety, romances, meditations and what not beside that is, in various senses, manageable and accommodating—these rule the roost, and the sonata has come to be regarded in the light of a museum article. It is of no use to protest against this state of things. The prudent considerations of trade cannot give way to sentiment, and the public will insist upon buying what pleases them. Yet it does not follow that the comparative few who desire a higher and a better thing should go without. There remains the method of publication which served the great masters in numberless instances, and Mr. Carte proposes to furnish up, for the benefit of the sonata, the old machinery of subscription. He invites names for ten works of this class, composed respectively by Hiller, Gade, Grieg, Reinecke, Dvorák, Benedict, G. A. Macfarren, C. E. Stephens, J. F. Barnett, and Villiers Stanford. We heartily wish the enterprise success, not only for the value its direct results may have, but because it tends to stimulate further effort of a kind which releases lovers of high class music from the domination of a comparatively tasteless majority.

THE authorities of the proposed Royal College of Music draw a distinction, expressed in money by £500, between a scholarship open to the competition of all, and a close scholarship, restricted to a district or a class. As the cost of education and maintenance can be no more in the one case than in

the other, the reason for the course they have adopted does not at first sight appear. A second look, however, shows that the sum named above is a fine imposed upon localities for wishing to benefit their own talent. The authorities, true to the principle upon which they started, wish to make all competitions as wide as possible, but, on the other hand, the provincial towns very naturally desire to send up pupils of their own. They are, it seems, at perfect liberty to do this, since official assurance has been given that "His Royal Highness the President fully recognises the right of towns and districts contributing to the funds, to restrict the advantages derivable to their own locality." At the same time, it is obligatory upon them to pay £3,000, whereas an open scholarship can be founded for £2,500. The distinction thus imposed is a shrewd stroke of business. Towns and districts resolved upon having a pupil at the College will not be frightened from a close scholarship on account of £500, and the establishment will benefit by their restricted sympathies to the tune of £25 per annum in each case.

Music does not often touch the domain of politics, but it has lately supplied a high English official with a figure of speech. Questioned by the Marquis of Salisbury upon Egyptian affairs, the personage in question summed up his remarks with "Egypt is the comic opera of politics." Hearing of this, M. Gabriel Charmes wrote to the *Journal des Débats*: "The expression is charmingly accurate, though comic opera is now too weak, for Egypt has become the *opéra bouffe* of politics, and we are sometimes forced to rub our eyes to make sure it is not merely a posthumous work by Offenbach." We might add, in the same strain, that one act of the piece has cost Manager John Bull more money than he is ever likely to get back.

BEFORE selling their library, the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society returned to Mrs. Bartholomew the original copy of the pianoforte score of *Elijah*, in accordance with conditions imposed by her when the MS. was handed to their keeping. The manuscripts of this great work are not fortunate in England. Some years ago the leaves containing "O rest in the Lord," taken from the Bartholomew copy, and presented to the Guildhall Library, disappeared, and have never since been heard of, while the full score copied in Germany, used by the organist at Birmingham in 1846, and now in the possession of Messrs. Novello and Co., wants both the original duet version of "Lift thine eyes," and the chorus, "He watching over Israel." It would seem that a rage for autographs is not incompatible with loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*.

MR. D. JENKINS, Mus. Bac., is a bold man. He has done something more than beard "the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall;" in fact, he has told an assemblage of Welsh bards that the little ways and humours of Eisteddfodau are not the perfection of wisdom. English critics said the same years ago, but they were regarded as Saxons who knew no better. Mr. Jenkins is a Welshman, presumably a bard to boot, and in that capacity he assured his fellow-countrymen that they could make a better use of the Eisteddfod than glorifying the vanity of a few trawlers for platform applause. He said, moreover: "We want some power to counteract the evil effects of these Gorsedd distinctions which have been so lavishly bestowed upon any would-be musician in the shape of a Pencerdd. I am afraid that many of our local Eisteddfodau have had a detrimental effect upon many of our singers, by

giving prizes for the rendering of well-known pieces, thereby producing laziness and vainglory in many of our 'parrot conductors.' . . . How is it that so few Eisteddfod competitors have entered these examinations (for the R.A.M. and Trinity College)? You cannot account for it unless you come to the conclusion that they prefer the eulogy of local papers, and the praise of many an adjudicator, who perhaps knows little more than themselves." Mr. Jenkins said much other to the same effect, and he deserves a Victoria Cross "for valour." We trust our Welsh friends will listen to him, and break up their mutual admiration society. They are a musically-gifted race, and will find their truest glory in measuring themselves by a universal not a restricted standard. Snowdon is a lofty mountain relative to its surroundings, but only a hill by the side of Mont Blanc. Happily, the comparison does not hold good at all points. The Welsh mountain cannot grow to the higher standard, but the Welshman can.

THERE is an old story to the effect that a village vocalist was once seen lying in a wet ditch, and on being asked to explain his position, replied : "I am roughing it for the bass." The idea is sufficiently grotesque but reality can outrun imagination even on this line. We have recently had amongst us Mr. Luther Mason, Director of the Imperial Conservatory of Music at Tokio, Japan, and from him the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter* has gathered some remarkable details anent musical methods in that interesting country. Men and women sing there, it appears, not in octaves but in unison, to which end the women develop their low notes, and the men their high notes, as much as possible. The feminine process is thus described : "An old hag will take a company of young girls out on a damp, cold night. They will sit on a bridge or by the roadside until they have caught cold. Then, when they are sufficiently hoarse, perhaps next day, the training begins, the younger ones imitating the croak of their preceptor. They sing violently and it is considered a good sign if they spit blood. This process, getting hoarse and singing loudly, is repeated until the necessary depth of voice is attained, the woman can then reach C on the second space of the bass clef." It is beside our purpose to enquire whether we have here an artistic method of "working off" a redundant female population. Let us, however, point out that the inventor of the man in the ditch cannot claim originality either for his idea of self-sacrifice in the cause of music or for his method of treating the voice.

WE note that the "Antigone" of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, has been performed, as far as possible according to the Greek manner, at the Darmstadt Court Theatre; and we ask, despairingly rather than hopefully, whether the present generation of Londoners will have vouchsafed to them an opportunity enjoyed by their predecessors of thirty years ago. Many amateurs can recall the performance of "Antigone" under Mr. G. A. Macfarren's direction, and still retain a vivid impression of the effect produced by that unique combination of classic drama and not less classic music. Another revival of the work would probably succeed, thanks to the progress of enlightenment and culture; but who will attempt it? The question naturally makes us think of Mr. Henry Irving. He is the man, and the only man, for such a task. *Apropos*, we may quote a passage from Macready's Diary :— "December 15th (1874). As I was going to bed, Mr. Anderson sent in his card as from Osborne House. I did not recollect what Osborne House was; he came and I

recognized, on explanation, the husband of Mrs. Anderson, the pianist. His message was (as he said) to convey her Majesty's wish that I would read the words (translated from Sophocles into German and from German into English) of "Antigone" before her Majesty, accompanied by Mendelssohn's music on the 1st of January. I questioned him very strictly to ascertain if his message was a direct command or no. He was evasive but very civil, and, after a very long interval, in which I told him if it was her Majesty's command I would come from Exeter, where I should act on the Friday, read at Windsor on Saturday, and return to Bristol on Sunday, but if not her Majesty's own wish, then I excused myself." We may add that the reading did not take place, and that it was Vandenhoff not Macready who played Creon in connection with the stage revival.

MUSIC may be the "food of love," but from the operation of even common gratitude some of those who dispense music seem to be excluded. Connected with St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is a fund for the widows of lay clerks, and on behalf of this institution a special service was held, and sermon preached, on Christmas Eve. Its friends were naturally confident of a good result, since, first, the cause was that of the widow and orphan; second, the widows and orphans were those of men who in their life-time had ministered to delight and edification; third, the season was one favourable to the exercise of generous feeling. How much money does the reader suppose was collected from a congregation of more than a thousand persons? Will he be surprised to hear that it amounted to £14 11s. 4d.? Some may say, "Perhaps most of those present were poor and let the plate go by." Not so, however, and this is the worst of it. The attendance was "highly respectable," yet the plate contained, along with two half-sovereigns and a few other coins, three farthings, forty-nine pence, sixty-five three-penny pieces, one four-penny piece, and a hundred-and-forty sixpences. We sincerely trust that the donors of these highly-respectable coins found their Christmas dinner disagree with them.

IS music as fashionable and are musicians as beloved of society as was once the case? We venture to think not. The musical lion is being fast elbowed out of the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy by the dramatic lion. The once despised and vilified actor—a hundred years ago wandering about the country a mark for the finger of scorn and derision, what time the prosperous music man was under the special protection of kings and princes—now promises to become the pet of self-styled "society." Go we to a "reception," and instead of a *prima donna* warbling an aria from *Puritani* or *Lucia*, as in the days which saw the "Book of Snobs," we see the great tragedian holding on to a chair, and giving his audience "creeps" with the "Dream of Eugene Aram." Well, musicians have had a good innings—let them make way for their less fortunate brethren in art. Doubtless a taste of the sweets of adversity will do as much good to them as it has done to others. And possibly they will not look upon "society's" neglect of them as the severe blow "society" thinks it to be. But this is treason.

AFTER much hesitation and many pourparlers, Johann Strauss has at last made up his mind to carry out his long-cherished project of hiring and managing a theatre. He is, as we hear, on the point of concluding an arrangement with Strampfer,

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of the "Carl," by which that gentleman, whilst retaining the post of "artistic director" at a handsome salary, will yield his interest in the popular Leopoldstadt house to the gifted composer of *Fledermaus*. Having earned a handsome competence by his talents and industry, it is to be hoped that Strauss will not fritter it away in theatrical speculations, and above all, that he will be more fortunate in his managerial enterprise than he has been in his matrimonial adventures. In all probability, should he become lessee and "director" of the Carl, he will spare no pains or expense to "cut down" the Wieden—for has not Steiner done him the most grievous of wrongs, and is not revenge sweet? Who shall say that the desire to be even with his foe has not suggested this new departure to the inimitable conductor who, although he has found consolation in a second alliance for his first conjugal mishap, can hardly be expected to have forgiven the man who wrecked his bliss last October.

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The admirable violinist, Signorina Teresina Tua, has quite recently come into a very agreeable windfall, consisting of what, from an Italian point of view, is a comfortable independence, and of a valuable collection of ancient and modern stringed instruments. An elderly Genoese *marchese, fanatico per la musica*, and who had taken a deep interest in the education and professional career of his gifted young townswoman, died suddenly the other day, bequeathing to her the above legacy in his will. She was "starring" at Hamburg when the announcement of her benefactor's bequest reached her by telegraph; and Her Fischoff, her impresario, immediately granted her a ten days' furlough in order that she might travel to her native city and take possession of her inheritance. Should a fine Stradivarius or Amati, or even a first-class Steiner, be comprised in the collection of "instrumenta a corda," the musical public of Europe, as well as Teresina Tua, will have reason to be grateful to the defunct *marchese* for disposing so intelligently of his property as to endow one of the finest fiddlers living with an instrument worthy of her transcendent talent.

On the second of January, Oberkapellmeister Taubert led the Royal Berlin orchestra for the last time at a "Symphony-Soirée" in the concert-room of the opera-house. For forty years past this accomplished composer, chiefly known to the English musical public by his charming Lieder, has conducted the Symphony Concerts, which, indeed, he founded in conjunction with Kapellmeister Henning, shortly after his appointment to the post of *chef d'orchestre* at the Holöper in 1842. The proceeds of these Concerts, which are to Berlin what the matinées of the Musik-Verein are to Vienna, have been devoted to a fund for the relief of widows of instrumentalists belonging to the several Royal orchestras. Since Taubert and Henning created this benevolent institution, three hundred and sixty-eight Concerts have been given, at three hundred and forty-seven of which Taubert has officiated as conductor. Failing health, we regret to say, has compelled the venerable Oberkapellmeister to resign to other hands the bâton he has yielded so intelligently and effectively for the best part of half a century. When he appeared upon the platform of the Concert-Saal to take his leave of the Berlin musical public he found his desk converted for the nonce into a huge bouquet of exotics; and at the close of the performance instrumentalists and audience joined in three hearty farewell cheers.

FRESH honours have fallen from a Southern sky upon Adelina Patti. She has just been knighted by that jovial monarch, Kalakaua, who distinguished himself so unexpectedly as a fervid quadrille-dancer in one of the Prater "hops" during his brief sojourn in Vienna. For a Marchioness to become a Knight Companion is by no means substantial advancement in rank; but the latter distinction is so rarely bestowed upon ladies that we cannot doubt it has been highly appreciated by the Queen of Song. The Order of Chivalry conferred upon her at New York, on the 5th December, 1882, consists of a diamond star, attached to a broad red and white riband; and the Patent of Knighthood with which the gifted lady was presented upon the same occasion, runs as follows:—

"Kalakaua, King of the Hawaii Islands, to all who may see this brevet, greeting and health! Know ye that we have nominated and confirmed, and by these presents do nominate and confirm Madame Patti a Knight Companion of our Royal Order of Kapiolani; do grant to her the exercise and enjoyment of all rights, advantages and privileges thereto appertaining; and do authorize her to wear the insignia of the said Order. In witness whereof we have caused this brevet to be prepared and impressed with the Great Seal of the said Order, given under our hand in our Palace at Honolulu, this 8th of September, in the year of Grace, 1882. Kalakaua Rex. By order of the King; the Chancellor of the Royal Kapiolani Order, Charles Hastings Judd."

With one consent, let all the Diva's numberless admirers offer her their heartfelt congratulations on this unique conferment, and raise a mighty shout of "Long live Sir Adelina Patti, K.C.K!"

A MUSICIAN, ordinarily good-tempered, and even merry, went to the Novelty Theatre during the brief run of the *Parsee's Daughter*. The subjoined remarks are a consequence of the rash act.

Art-education has a good deal to answer for, and the mania for cramming children's heads with musical knowledge, theoretical and practical, is beginning to bear fruit—fruit, be it said, not the most appetising to the majority of palates. Nothing can be said against developing obvious talent, when once it has asserted itself; and on the supposition that musicians can be made, as well as born, there is little to urge against a thorough and complete course of musical education. But this is not precisely where the shoe pinches: it galls our sensitive nerves when it forces us to accept a smattering of superficial knowledge for technical culture, and foists upon us the half-bred amateur in place of the skilled workman. As a rule, your amateur will give a peacock points for vanity, and win easily. The little learning, which is supposed to be a dangerous thing, becomes in his hands an element of risk—not to himself alone, it which case it would hardly signify—but to the community at large, who may be apt to mistake an inflated wind-bag for a solid sphere, to regard the babble of babyhood for humour, and accept the cackle of imbecility for wisdom. "On their own merits modest men are dumb," and no man who understands his craft—no matter what it may be—would be silly enough to air off his knowledge to the outside world. It is the fatal "little" which makes amateurs so vain of themselves—the little learning, little discernment, and little discretion. After a three months' acquaintance with brush and palette, lo! our sucking painter will begin to disparage Titian, fall foul of Rafaelle, and vote Turner a humbug. Before he has ever donned anything but a nineteenth century garb, save, perhaps, at a fancy ball, the juvenile historian will be confident of his ability to play Hamlet, and will pass unlimited censure upon the "readings" of the character by men who were in their apprenticeship to their art what time the amateur was sucking his coral. Do we not all know the amateur tenor who is firmly convinced that had he made the public platform the arena of his efforts, he would have

annihilated Sims Reeves's reputation, and the baritone who has only to appear to reduce Santley to silence? At the majority of times the amateur is a dreadsome creature, but when he begins to dabble in pen and ink, woe to the art whose sanctity he invades and profanes. Non-professional poets are good-humouredly laughed down, but the amateur dramatist is a persistent bore, not so easy to be got rid of. Sometimes he will shackle himself (by a pecuniary tie) to an author of repute, trusting to the buoyant powers of the great man's name to lift his own out of the mire; sometimes, more venturesome, he will inflict his own identity and faulty work upon a suffering public. Curiously enough, no rebuff is too great, no reverse too disastrous to sink the budding playwright. He does not succumb to defeat, for the simple reason that he has no knowledge in what defeat consists—possessing none of those finer, acuter, artistic feelings which trouble his professional brethren. What matters it to him that he is ignorant of the fundamental laws of dramatic construction: he has an idea—a shadowy one, born of egotism—that he can write a play, and accordingly he splashes ink around an incoherent story, and dishes it up before an audience of lenient friends. Amateur composers are, if possible, more to be contemned than dabblers in dramatic fiction. It requires special training, let alone the mysterious thing called genius, to enable a man to produce an opera or a symphony, and yet everybody who can string together half-a-dozen common chords or write a drawing-room ballad, considers himself entitled to enter the lists against the giants of art, and with his puny lance run a tilt against their impregnable armour. To such an engagement there can but be one end—discomfiture for the venturesome wight; yet the odds are, that as soon as he is up again he will be eager to shiver another spear where the first was broken.

THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT.

THE holiday programme at St. George's Hall presents a thoroughly seasonable fare to all in search of a hearty laugh, wherewith to exorcise the foul fiend dyspepsia, begotten of indulgence in Christmas dainties. The first part, "A Strange Host," is a fanciful legend conceived in the spirit of Dickens's Christmas stories by Mr. Arthur Law, who shows the Old Year making use of his last moments to redress wrongs and set misunderstandings right. The romantic little drama deals with by no means unfamiliar materials, but they are deftly used, and the piece runs its brief course merrily and pleasantly, none the less because there is an under-current of pathos running through all the humour and gaiety. Mr. King Hall has written some bright and melodious music, just suited to the capability of the artists engaged; and Mr. Corney Grain, made up in effigy of Father Christmas, as the "Old Year," Mr. Alfred Reed as a miserly scoundrel who is made to repent his evil ways, Miss Fanny Holland as "a friend of all parties," and Mr. North Howe and Miss Edith Brandon as the inevitable lovers, do all possible justice to the characters entrusted to their charge. The second part, by Messrs. Gilbert à Beckett and Corney Grain is called "That Dreadful Boy," and is, in point of fact, an old-fashioned rough-and-tumble farce, enlivened with a few musical numbers. Diverting, the younger generation will certainly find it; but it is appalling to think of the consequences of taking urchins blessed with the bump of imitation to witness the lawless acts perpetrated by Mr. Alfred Reed in the guise of Master Blazer, who positively revels in the discomfiture of inoffensive and peaceable individuals. Mr. Reed is well supported by the other members of the little troupe. Mr. Corney Grain's musical monologue, "En Route," keeps the audience amused while the scene is being arranged for the second part.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

WITH the advent of the Christmas holidays comes the temporary abandonment of classical music at the Crystal Palace in favour of something a little less caviare to the general public, in the shape of Pantomime and its attendant festivities. While, therefore, waiting for the resumption of the Saturday Concerts next month, we must be content with a retrospective glance over the achievement of the first half of the season 1882-83—the twenty-seventh since the commencement—and see how far fulfilment accorded with expectation. As a rule, good-natured people have the knack of saying disagreeable things, and, because we wish the Crystal Palace Concerts well, we must begin with the unpleasant statement that the once famous orchestra, upon which Mr. August Manns so justly prides himself, is no longer what it was in point of excellence. The first signs of weakness were apparent in the woodwind, which reprehensible economy robbed of the fine oboist of the day; but, latterly the whole wind band has been more or less coarse, and the contagion has even spread to the strings, which no longer boast an unsurpassed delicacy. It would be a thankless as well as a difficult task to seek to penetrate the mystery of these changes—certainly they are not to be laid to the charge of the conductor, whose personal zeal is as great as ever—but the Saturday Concerts are to maintain their position the blemishes must be removed, and the weak places in the band strengthened. We look upon Mr. Manns as a true Englishman, and regard his band as a representative English orchestra; and, in this association it is not a little galling, just at the very time when we want to fight the foreigner, and to show that we have as good here as anything he can bring, to discover that our champion is showing signs of weakness. Vigorous and instant measures should be taken to provide a remedy. We admire Mr. Manns's pluck. He has pursued a steady course of his own for upwards of a quarter of a century and he is not to be frightened from his path by any Teutonic Goliath. The disciples of the new profess to find a Herculean champion of Beethoven and Wagner in Herr Richter, but Mr. Manns is not in the least deterred from playing Beethoven and Wagner as often as he thinks fit, and leaving the issue to be determined by dispassionate observers. This is as it should be, and we applaud the Sydenham conductor for his steadfastness to a set purpose. All the same, he should be careful to guard himself against possible contingencies in the struggle for supremacy. Let him begin by banishing cornets-a-pistons save when they are written for, and use trumpets when trumpets are in the score. This reform effected other will follow in due course, until the body regains the vigour of its best days.

Taking examples of the acknowledged legitimate school by way of commencement, Mr. Manns has, in the space of nine Concerts, performed Beethoven's Symphonies in A No. 7, and E flat (*Eroica*) No. 3; Schumann's No. 4 in D minor; Mozart's G minor; Schubert's No. 8 in C; and Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata, *Lobgesang*. Against this array of accepted masterpieces, he has set forth the following novelties:—Brahms' Pianoforte Concerto in B flat, No. 2; Joachim Raff's Symphony in I minor, No. 6, Op. 189 (with a Leviathan title, which would be folly to quote); Wagner's *Parsifal* prelude; Smetana's Symphonic Poem, *Vysegrad*; Corder's Nocturne in B flat; the ballet-music from Goldmark's *Die Königen von Saba*; and M. Gounod's sacred trilogy *The Redemption*. With the exception of the last-named

work the new importations were, one and all, heard in this country for the first time. Honestly, we cannot say they are a shining group, but people will have something new, even at the risk of its being nasty. Such productions as Brahms' new Concerto and Wagner's introduction to his latest Music-Drama, of course carry weight, but the remainder were apparently brought forward only to be forgotten as speedily as possible. Amongst the artists who have made their first appearance at the Crystal Palace during the half season are Madme. Ida Bloch, Miss Ella Lemmens, Mdlle. Elly Warnots, and Miss Arma Harkness, the last a young American violinist who has obtained the chief honours of her class at the Paris Conservatoire, and who bids fair to blossom into a performer of very notable attainments. Miss Harkness has appeared twice, playing on the occasion of her *début*, Vieuxtemp's Concerto in D minor, No. 4, and at her second appearance introducing an Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso of M. Saint-Saëns. Probably this is the kind of stuff the fair American has been doomed to practice in Paris; but we want to hear Miss Harkness in some real music. Of Gounod's *Redemption*, it is only necessary to say that it drew a crowded room, and that Mrs. Hutchinson took the soprano part, other characters being in familiar hands. For the final Concert of the year, Mr. Manns having duties to attend to in Glasgow, gave up the wand to Mr. F. H. Cowen, who produced his own admirable "Scandinavian" Symphony, with the "Prometheus" and "William Tell" overtures. Miss Emma Barnett played Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto for pianoforte, and three new Impromptus by Mr. J. F. Barnett—remarkably bright and pleasing pieces—and Signor Foli sang.

The Saturday Concerts are to re-commence on February 10th, with a familiar programme, but at the following Concert, Messrs. Grist and Prout's new Cantata "Alfred" will be given, for the first time here, under the direction of the composer.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

CHILDREN must learn to walk before they can run, and the fostering care of the Royal Academy of Music allows juvenile composers to try their legs in a preliminary amble before they venture to exhibit their paces in public. If the executive have not yet discovered a budding Bennett, or a second Sullivan, they have found in Messrs. Charles S. Macpherson and F. K. Hattersley a couple of young beginners of much promise who, at the Christmas Orchestral Concert given by the students in St. James's Hall, dignified the programme with two original compositions of considerable importance. Mr. Macpherson's work, which exhibited him in the double capacity of author and executant, is a Concertstück for piano and orchestra, consisting of a slow movement followed by a quick one, both sections being worked out at some length, and subjected to as full a development as the nature of the themes allow. Though not a perfect thing, or a revelation of genius, the Concertstück shows aptitude and some fancy. The young author may be encouraged to persevere. With increased practice he will learn to handle the orchestra more easily and effectively, and will know how to balance the band parts against that of the solo instrument. Mr. Macpherson played neatly, and was warmly applauded, and called back to the platform upon the termination of his labours. Mr. F. K. Hattersley, the present holder of the Balf Scholarship, given for proficiency in composition, brought forward on this occasion a setting of the 137th Psalm for chorus, soprano solo, orchestra and organ.

Like Hermann Goetz—whose beautiful illustration of the same subject may have exerted an influence over him—Mr. Hattersley inclines rather to the emotional than the pedantic or formal style of expression, and hence his music is to be judged by fitness to the theme rather than by technical excellence. The soprano solo lacks definite character, but the two choral movements are satisfactory, on the whole, and show some power of original thought. Mr. Hattersley, however, should be warned against attempting theatrical effects, such as he has sought to produce at the passage "taketh thy children and dasheth them against the stones." There is a chance of their being sublime, but a stronger probability of their being ridiculous. Miss C. Thudichum gave the solo very acceptably, and the choral singing of the students was steady and accurate. Mr. Hattersley received the compliment of "a call," like his brother composer. Brahms' new Pianoforte Concerto in B flat found two clever exponents in Misses Margaret Glyde and Annie Mukle, each young lady playing a couple of movements, and the choice of this exacting piece showed a readiness on the part of the directorate to keep pace with the times. Handel's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day (1739) "From Harmony," concluded the Concert, the additional organ accompaniment being furnished by Mr. W. Sewell (Novello Scholar). Of the vocalists who appeared, the one displaying the greatest amount of natural ability, allied to excellent physical means, was Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, a mezzo-soprano, who should have a brilliant future in store for her. Mr. W. Shakespeare discharged the duties of conductor with complete efficiency; he does not fidget his band, and now that he has got used to the *baton*, is emphatically the right man in the right place.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

LEEDS.—Dr. Spark, the well-known organist, is continuing his recitals in the Town Hall, Leeds, and the excellence and interest of the programmes may be imagined from the list of works performed on Saturday, the 30th ult. These included four given for the first time:—A new Christmas March in E flat by Gustav Merkel, of Dresden; the overture to Méhul's oratorio, *Joseph*; a new composition *Characteristisches Tongewölde*, by George Hepworth, a Yorkshireman; and Ral Krenner's *Sonpirs de la harpe Éoliennne*. These novelties, however, failed to please as much as Dr. Spark's rendering of the simple old English ballad "My Pretty Jane," which was vehemently encored.

DUNDEE.—Thanks to the tonic sol-fa notation and the teaching of Mr. Frank Sharp, Dundee possesses what other towns have not—a choir of school-boys and school-girls capable of wrestling with all the difficulties of the most difficult oratorio music. The choir, consisting of course, of only treble and alto voices, is not made up of cathedral or church choristers specially trained and chosen, but of public school children of no particular class. With a judicious mingling of adult bass and tenor voices, the young people have given the *Messiah*, six times, the first performance dating only three years ago, Mozart's 12th Mass, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, Gade's *Erl King's Daughter*, Macfarren's *Christmas* and *Songs in a Cornfield*. The juvenile chorus numbers 200 voices, with 60 adults. In performance of the *Messiah* on the 26th ult., they seem to have surpassed themselves. Criticism is lavish in its praise of the accuracy, brightness and *aplomb* of their delivery, remarkable when the fact is considered that on this occasion the choir consisted mostly of recruits. The success of Mr. Frank Sharp's method of teaching

should not be overlooked by those of authority in musical matters. The Amateur Choral Union celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this month, and announces a grand Musical Festival, to take place in Kinnaird Hall, on the 24th, 25th and 26th, when the orchestra will be increased to sixty-six performers instead of the usual forty-eight. Gounod's *Redemption* heads the programme; the second Concert is devoted to orchestral music, including Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, conducted by Mr. August Manns, and *Israel in Egypt*, brings up the rear. The soloists are Mrs. Hutchinson, Fraulein Breidenstein, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Henry Blower, and the general director is Mr. Henry Nagel, who appears as the Society's musical chief for the last time. The festival will, no doubt, worthily mark the termination of Mr. Nagel's long and arduous labours. He has acted as conductor of the Choral Union during the whole term of its existence, and taken neither fee nor reward. Such service and such disinterestedness deserve all praise, and Mr. Nagel retires with honour and esteem.

DENHOLME.—A recital was given on the organ in the Wesleyan Chapel, December 28th, by Mr. Walter Clough, of Banbury. The programme included Handel's concerto in B flat, Bach's toccata and fugue in D minor, Weber's "Jubilee" overture, and some selections adapted to the season, as Gounod's "There is a green hill." The chapel choir sang several anthems in admirable style, and the entire proceedings were successful.

GLASGOW.—The subscriptions in connection with the ninth series of the Glasgow Choral Union Concerts have shown a substantial recognition of the arrangements devised by the Executive Committee. In point of fact the pecuniary results are far beyond the experience of any previous season, and if further evidence were necessary, as showing the firm hold of the scheme upon the public, it has only to be stated that the desire for the extension of the season emanated from the subscribers themselves. Provision was made for twelve concerts, as against ten in preceding years; and half of these have been given with well nigh uniform success. The orchestra has been increased to seventy performers, and these include M. Victor Buziau, as *chef d'attaque*; Messrs. C. Ould, J. H. Waud, Krause, &c., &c. Mr. August Manns having returned as conductor, and to, it need not be said, the great satisfaction of his numerous friends here. Berlioz's *Faust* and the *Messiah* have been performed, and amongst the orchestral works already heard we may mention Beethoven's violin concerto, wherein Dr. Joachim made his re-appearance in Glasgow, after an absence of fifteen years. Mr. Wingham's overture, No. 4 in F; Mozart's G minor symphony, and Spohr's *Die Weiber der Töne*; Mr. Villiers Stanford's overture and garden scene from *The Veiled Prophet*. The vocalists have comprised Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Mary Davies; Messrs. C. Lloyd, Fred. King, and Harper Kearton. Prospective arrangements include performances of *Redemption*, *Sampson*, Liszt's piano forte concerto, No. 1 in E flat (for Madame Sophie Menter); symphonies by Schumann (No. 4 in D minor); Berlioz (*Episode in the life of an Artist*); Schubert (the unfinished); F. H. Cowen (*Scandinavian*); Beethoven (No. 7 in A). We are also promised several standard overtures; excerpts from *Parsifal* and *Die Meistersinger*, and Liszt's Symphonic Poem, *Mazeppa*.

The Saturday Popular Concerts have been signally successful. These as readers interested in the musical doings of St. Mungo know, all also given in St. Andrew's Hall, and at wonderfully cheap prices. As a rule, the programmes are of an interesting order, and up to date we have had

the Beethoven C minor symphony, and that miserable concoction yclept *Wellington's Sieg, oder die Schlacht bei Vittoria*—the latter, it is to be hoped, only as a matter of curiosity; Berlioz's overture to *The Roman Carnival*, and Liszt's extraordinary "Poem," in illustration of "The Battle of the Huns," which has, we venture to think, been heard for the last time here. At both series of Concerts, the orchestra, generally speaking, has created a most favourable impression, and the increase in the string contingent (there are now, for example, twelve first violins) has already told a satisfactory tale.

The numerous Choral Societies, which flourish, more or less, in Glasgow and surrounding districts, have not been idle, so far as the season has gone. A Transpontine Association has produced *Psyche*, and the 1st L.R.V. Glee Club promise an early performance of Gade's charming work on a scale of considerable interest.

Mr. Prout's *King Alfred* has been given by the Hillhead Musical Society; the *Creation* by a Tonic-sol-fa body of vocalists, and the *Lobgesang* by the Ayr Choral Union, the latter with the assistance of a large contingent from the orchestra of the Glasgow Choral Union.

THE seventy-first season of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts is announced to begin on Thursday, February 15th. Mr. Hersee promises the issue of "prospectuses" in a few days. The conductor is of course Mr. W. G. Cusins.

A NEW opera, written in the Roumanian language and composed by Oreste Bimboni, will shortly be produced at Bucharest. The Government is evidently anxious to promote native art, since it has itself engaged the chorus and orchestra.

MADAME SCALCHI joined Mr. Mapleson's company last month at New York. She will go through the provincial tour and stay for the spring season, returning to London for the grand season at Covent Garden. Her appearance in *Semiramide* was a great triumph.

RECENTLY, in New York, Mr. Mapleson had to change the opera five times in the course of a single day. Five of his *prime donne*, and two of his tenors announced themselves as unable to appear. The crisis ended at last in a performance of *La Favorita*, with Signor Clodio.

A NEW orchestral symphony in E (No. 3), by Max Bruch, was played in New York on December 16, at a Concert of the Symphony Society, to which body it is dedicated. The work is reported as belonging to the classical school, and as "meritorious" rather than great.

MR. VILLIERS STANFORD, the composer of the *Veiled Prophet* and of the "Serenade," so well received at the Birmingham Festival and the last Richter Concert, has well-nigh finished an opera in three acts and a prologue, having for its story the doings of the "mighty monk," Savonarola. Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett is the writer of the book, which should be superior to the ordinary libretto—a superiority not difficult to achieve. The subject is, however, somewhat ponderous.

GOONOD'S *Redemption* was performed for the first time in America on the 6th ult., by the New York Choral Society. Unfortunately, the interpretation was as reported anything but ideal, the refinement and beauty of the score being utterly lost in the vulgar, careless, expressionless singing of the choir, and the equally coarse rendering of the musicians. In spite of all these drawbacks, the work made, as it could not fail to make, a deep impression, and only needs to have justice done to become as popular there as it is in England.

REVIEWS.

METZLER AND CO.

(I.) *Pictures in the Fire.* (II.) *Masks and Faces.* Songs, by J. L. Molloy.

BOTH are simple, and of small compass. No. II. has the greater musical interest. No. I. the greater poetic value. They are songs for the home circle, and will be welcome there.

(I.) *A Song of Spain.* (II.) *A Breeze from Shore.* Songs, by A. Goring Thomas.

THESE bear the stamp of graceful musicianship on every page. Advice to amateurs—Buy them.

When all the World is Young. Song, by J. M. Coward.

An easy yet expressive setting of Kingsley's well-known verses; so written as to secure effective contrast.

Big Ben. Song, by Henry Pontet.

The subject of this song is against it. One cannot excite enthusiasm about Big Ben, or invest the cracked monster with pathos. All the same, the poetess tries her best, and Mr. Pontet's music has merit.

The American Organ Journal (No. 6). Edited by J. Munro Coward.

The American organ is now important enough in this country to have a journal to itself, and deserves it. Judging by the number before us, Mr. Coward does his work well. The arrangement of Gounod's *Nazareth* is very welcome. So is the elegant Nocturne by Cowen.

(I.) *Chant des Matelots.* Caprice, by A. L. Estrange. (II.) *Le Secret d'Amour.* Valse, by De Kontski.

Two drawing-room pieces, of which No. I. serves for educational purposes, because affording practice in combining a melody with arpeggios. It is brilliant and showy. No. II. is not difficult, though in its way effective.

Danse des Fées. Tempo di Gavotte. By Hugh Clendon.

Not entirely original, but easy to play, and pleasant to hear. This is the fourth edition.

ENOCH AND SONS.

(I.) *Little April Fool.* (II.) *The Old Old Words.* Songs, by Joseph L. Roeckel.

In No. I. a lover pretends to take the caprices of his mistress in earnest, and makes her very unhappy by threatening to don the red coat of a soldier. The song is amusing as well as easy. No. II., a love song, has no special characteristics, but is well written.

(I.) *A Midsummer Dream.* (II.) *The Turn of the Tide.* Songs, by Cotsford Dick.

An old City clerk, who walks hand-in-hand with his wife at twilight, and shows her his worn-out pens, is the hero of No. I. Mr. Weatherly has written much better verses, and Mr. Cotsford Dick much better music. The sentiment of No. II. is as brave and hearty as it is pathetic. We find nothing namby-pamby here, and the music, albeit unpretending, aptly aids the force of the verses, which, by the way, are the composer's own.

(I.) *Dreaming.* Transcription for Piano by Boyton Smith. (II.) *Sunshine.* Waltz by Gustave Diaz.

No. I. is a brilliant arrangement of Milton Wellings' popular song, and much less difficult than an amateur may at first sight suppose. No. II. can boast no special merit.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

(I.) *Dreams of Youth.* Sketch, by A. Loeschhorn. (II.) *In Shady Vale.* Idyll, by C. E. Pathe. (III.) *Sweet*

Dreams. Reverie, by C. E. Pathe. (IV.) *A Day in Switzerland.* Tone Picture, by Gustave Lange. (V.) *A Spring Flower.* Tone Picture, by C. E. Pathe.

No. I. is elegant and musically, fit for the drawing rooms of Culture. Passages in it require study, and repay it. No. II. presents more delicacy of structure, and is equally charming, besides offering good practice in "singing" a melody and playing extended arpeggios. If not so attractive in themselves, Nos. III., IV., and V. will find favour with teachers for reasons appreciable at a glance. All these works belong to the best examples of their kind.

(I.) *The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.* Fantasia, by W. Spark. (II.) *The Chase.* Hunting Song, by Oliver Cramer. (III.) *Marche Heroique.* By Michael Watson. (IV.) *I Pifferari.* Musette Moderne, by Sydney Smith. (V.) *Air de Danse.* By Henri Latour. (VI.) *Enid.* Reverie, by Walter Macfarren.

DR. SPARK'S piece is decidedly "occasional," but so was the *Battle of Prague*, still unforgettable. It will serve as a memento of the Egyptian campaign; especially in Scotland, since all the glory is given to the Highlanders. *The Chase* is spirited as it ought to be, and no more conventional than it can help being. The Key, for instance, is not D or A, but E flat. In his March, Mr. Watson gives another proof that the form is nearly used up. The composer must be a genius who can write anything new of the kind. *I Pifferari* is a very agreeable and interesting piece for four hands, suited to young players, who will like it for better reasons than its easiness. The *Air de Danse* commends itself as quaint and pretty. It is a good exercise in phrasing. As for *Enid*, let amateurs look at it for themselves, and, as they can hardly help doing, fall in love with it. Mr. Walter Macfarren has written few pieces more attractive by virtue of modest beauty.

(I.) *Little Lassie.* Song, by Louis Diehl. (II.) *Gathered Lillies.* Song, by Louis Diehl. (III.) *The Blue Peter.* Song for Baritone, by J. L. Hatton.

OF Mr. Diehl's songs, the first is the simpler and better. It tells, with the help of appropriate music, a pleasant story of disparity in height, but equality in love. *Blue Peter* will delight those who are fond of a manly song, and those, above all, who feel that they have had enough of the sickly sentiment so abundantly shed upon paper just now by our poets and musicians.

MOUTRIE AND SONS.

(I.) *A Game of Romps.* Sketch by Percy Reeve. (II.) *Neues Blumenlied.* By Gustave Lange.

LIKE the rose, Mr. Reeve's *Game of Romps* would be just as good under another name. It is a lively and easy Allegro in B flat, suggesting nothing in particular, and being none the worse on that account. The German piece is graceful, and will charm the vast majority of those who hear it. Its difficulties need not alarm the average amateur.

(I.) *The Message from the Stars.* Duet, by Josef Trousselle. (II.) *For Ever and for Aye.* Song, by Vivian Bligh. (III.) *The Cavalier's Whisper.* Song, by M. Krohn. (IV.) *Come Back.* Song, by Churchill Sibley.

No. I. is written in dialogue form for mezzo-soprano and baritone. Its serious character and deep expressiveness are strong recommendations. Mr. Bligh's love song deserves a word of praise for the perfect sympathy between poetry and music. No. III. has no musical merit, however much may be found in its subject; while if No. IV. call up some reminiscences, it can hardly fail to be regarded as a pleasing song.

THE POET'S CORNER.

[Contributions requested by the EDITOR.]

NOT IN VAIN.

SAD at heart a poet wandered,
Thinking, "Should this life be squandered,
Only spent in song and song-dreams,
Idle as the birds above?
Let me seek in yon great city
Sights that move the soul to pity,
Learn the depths of early sorrow,
Earthly sin and earthly love."

So, he passed by pathways dreary
Where stern men and women weary—
Rank and file in life's great battle—
Fought for wage of daily bread.
Even there, mid dark surrounding,
Came one strain of sweetness sounding,
As a woman lulled an infant
With a song his lips had sped.

As the song his soul had fashioned
Reached his ear, he cried, impassioned,
"Not in vain he lives who bringeth
One faint smile on earth's hard face—
Now I know, in God's completeness,
Some may live alone for sweetness,
And the worker and the singer
Each hath his appointed place."

HUGH CONWAY.

MOTTO for Mr. H.—t G—e, à propos to the Langtry and New York opera engagements:—"How Abbey could I be with either."

MR. MAPLESON has been giving Sunday Concerts at the Academy of Music in New York, with the full orchestra and chorus, and many of the principals of his opera company.

HECTOR BERLIOZ's *Enfance du Christ*, called by him "A Sacred Trilogy," was performed last month, for the first time in America, at Chickering Hall, by the Mendelssohn Choral Union of Harlem.

JOHN HOWLAND PAYNE, the writer of *Home, sweet Home*, died at Tunis, where he had been American consul, in 1852. It is now proposed to exhume his remains and take them "home" to Washington.

THE coming of Herr Richter is excellent news. Evening Concerts will take place under his direction at St. James's Hall on May 7, 10, 21, 28; June 4, 11, 18, 25, and July 2nd. Rehearsals for the choir will be held every Friday evening at the Royal Academy of Music. Let us hope that this "Promise of May" will not fail of fulfilment.

AN annotator of the Births, Marriages, and Deaths' column sends us the following:—

"On Monday, January 1st, 1883. F. C. Packard to Julia Gaylord."

Miss J. G. has not gone back'ard
On the vows she spoke "to hum;"
Now she's known as Mrs. Packard—
P. has her gay-lord become.

"On Wednesday, January 3rd, 1883. Dr. F. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, to Miss Amphlett."

No fact more strange do the volumes of fiction tell,
Than the wedding of Westminster Bridge to a Queen.
Gate belle.

THE new organist of Gloucester Cathedral made his débüt as a conductor in the Western city on December 12, when Dr. Stainer's *Daughter of Fairus* was performed. He is said to have shown himself worthy to succeed Mr. C. H. Lloyd. Than this the well-wishers of the Three Choir Festivals ask no better.

AN attempt to start a "Passion Play" in New York has been very properly defeated by the refusal of the Mayor to grant his license. This is not a squeamish age, and we may be prepared to swallow a travesty of the Lord's Supper as in Wagner's *Parsifal* but the time has not yet come for a theatrical representation of the Tragedy of the Man of Sorrows. It is even a question whether the Ober-Ammergau performances, once tolerated for the simplicity of their surroundings, and the singleness of their faith, ought not to be stopped now that they have become a European show.

MRS. LANGTRY's American manager has entered into a fresh speculation as impresario of the New Opera House in New York—an edifice described as the largest and finest lyric theatre in the city. For his principal singers, Mr. Abbey has already secured the services of Mdme. Christine Nilsson, Mdme. Valleria, Signor Del Puente, and Signor Campanini—one of the artistes, whose identity is not rendered very clear in the telegram acquainting us with the news, being engaged at the nightly honorarium of 1,000 dollars. If the remainder of the company are to be remunerated at a proportionate rate, the new opera director will have to rely on crowded houses or high prices; and if he have nothing especial to offer in the way of musical enticement, it is to be feared that even such an assembly of talent as is represented by the above quartette will hardly suffice to make the speculation a paying one. Mr. Herbert Gye, "of London," is mentioned as the unsuccessful candidate for the appointment; but has not Mr. Gye already got his hands sufficiently full with the Royal Monopoly Opera Company, Limited, to hail his want of success with a sense of satisfaction?

A WRITER in the *Graphic*, whose remarks are already worthy of attentive consideration, hits the nail on the head when he suggests that Mr. Arthur Chappell, whose energy in the cause of chamber music is a household word in musical circles, might do something more for vocal music at the Monday Popular Concerts. There is no need to admit that nothing lacking in the essential of artistic merit is ever brought forward at these entertainments, but songs make their appearance again and again in the programme which might well give place occasionally to less familiar works. The field of vocal music is immensely rich, and if Mr. Chappell contents himself with bringing forward old songs, previously unheard at the "Pops," for a single season, he will content his audience as well. There is such a thing as having too much of a particular sort of food, and a change of diet is not only welcome but wholesome. It is to such performances as those of the Popular Concerts that we look for protection against the invasion of the false in art; and in these days when imposture flourishes on all hands, it would be just as well to constitute Mr. Arthur Chappell a kind of special guardian of the peace—Constable A 1 of the Art Division—to warn away intruders, and keep the course clear for the ingenuous and right-minded. To this end let us have a sequence of the less-known lyrics of Schubert, Franz, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Bennett—if, indeed, the slightest shade of unfamiliarity can be said to attach to the vocal treasures of the two Mendelssohns, German and English.

